THEN AND NOW

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THEN AND NOW

An Essay

ON THE ROSS COUNTY BAR

READ BY
JOHN A. POLAND
AT THE MEETING OF THE ROTARY CLUB
JULY EIGHTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHTEEN
CHILLICOTHE, OHIO

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FOREWORD

THE pages following encompass an interesting sketch of thirty years at the Bar of Ross County, Ohio.

Aside from its literary merit, it preserves for succeeding generations, the story of a period in the practice of the law, in which came the transition from the old to the new order of things.

The publisher, in printing this contribution to history, not only as it applies to our locality, but as well to the conditions then surrounding the legal profession generally, throughout the United States, has put it into type, for distribution to his friends, both as a holiday offering, and as a compliment to the author of the essay, Mr. John A. Poland, whose friendship he enjoys.

ALBERT SCHOLL,
Master Printer.

Chillicothe, Ohio,
New Years, Nineteen Nineteen

Fellow Rotarians:

AS has been well said, "One of the fundamental ideas of Rotary is to instruct its members in regard to business efficiency methods and ideals, of the various classifications represented." To this end, your Entertainment Committee has agreed that whenever possible, there should be, at each luncheon, a vocational talk or paper, by one of our own members.

I am going to give you a few minutes' side light on the legal profession, and my experience since first I read the immortal Blackstone. Ours is a calling which must deal with everybody and everything.

You may content yourselves, however, that I am not attempting to recite to you the history of the law, nor will I burden you with its rules of procedure and practice. To be frank, I do not know them all myself. No, not a one-hundredth part.

Some other time, I shall, in my turn, try to tell you the fundamentals of jurisprudence, and its practical application to matters within our mutual grasp.

The subject of my little essay might well be named:

"THEN AND NOW"

"Then" was in the summer of the year 1888. I had just graduated from a Western college, full of "ologies and onomies," keen on the literary end of life, and, in my own estimation, quite a super-man, having delved deep in logic, philosophy and ethics. My parents inquired, "What are you going to do now?" And, after a family council, it was agreed that I should study law.

At that time, Lawrence T. Neal was generally known, not only as the most successful lawyer in Chillicothe, but in Southern Ohio. Many of you remember him—big in brain, but short in stature. His office was over where now Creighton Gesler has a confectionery store, in the Union Block on West Second Street.

I became Mr. Neal's law student and clerk, and I shall never forget my first day. It was the second of August of that year, and many a farmer in Ross County will remember it. Thomas N. Marfield, grain dealer and miller, made an assignment in the afternoon, and out of this action, grew a multiplicity of suits and litigation which covered several years, in jury trials and Court decisions. Never since has there been an action filed in our Courts that involved so large an amount of property, or engaged the services of so many attorneys.

The Bar in the United States is open to all who wish to enter it. It is mostly under the

regulations of the various Courts, and their rules have been framed upon the most liberal principles. Generally, a certain period of study is prescribed, and as in Ohio, it does not exceed three years.

According to the laws of Ohio:

> "No person shall be admitted to an examination, unless he is twenty-one years of age, has resided in the state for the year next preceding, and is a citizen of the United States or has declared his intention of becoming a citizen thereof, nor until he has produced from an attorney-at-law a certificate that the applicant is of good moral character, that he believes him to have sufficient legal knowledge and ability to discharge the duties of attorney and counselor at law, and that he has regularly and attentively studied law during the period of three years previous to such application, either under the tuition of a practicing attorney or in regular attendance at a law school, or for a part of such period under such tuition and for the rest of it in attendance at school.

At the commencement of a law student's studies, either in a law school or in the office of a legal preceptor, he usually takes up the reading of the commentaries of Blackstone and of Kent, and Walker's American Law.

These authors have written works that encompass the fundamental principles of jurisprudence—Blackstone beginning with the history of law, from ancient times, and tracing it up to the middle of the eighteenth century, and setting forth the accepted rules of what is now known as the Common Law of the English-speaking people; Kent with the more modern days that followed Blackstone, and Walker applying the Common Law to the more advanced life of the people of America.

While the thought of the Courts in the matter of admission of students to the Bar is based upon the essential of a liberal education, as a matter of fact, some of the ablest lawyers were not college graduates, and never had the benefit of a High School education.

Whether we studied our course in the office of an attorney, or at a law school, it covered in general, all subjects that grow out of laws of real estate, personal property, corporations, crimes, domestic relations, Probate Court work, commercial customs, and statutory law, as passed by the State Legislature, and the decisions of the Courts of the State of Ohio.

The subdivisions of these studies are numerous, and I will not tire you with a recital of them. As to the acts of the General Assembly, it usually takes a wise man to understand what was meant by its annual additions to the laws.

The law student, when I began, was a janitor, messenger, and a brief clerk—janitor in the sense that he cleaned and tidied the office, carried in the coal and out the ashes (for there was no such thing in this city as natural gas or steam heat), and in the absence of the telephone, he delivered papers and messages back and forth, from one office to another.

While the number of law students throughout the country has kept pace with the increase of population, this is not so in Ross County, and as a result, the Bar is not as large here today, as it was thirty years ago. When the writer took up his first volume of Blackstone, there were forty-odd members of the Bar.

Judge Thaddeus A. Minshall, father of our worthy Prosecuting Attorney, Addison P. Minshall, who had previously been on the Common Pleas bench, was Chief Justice of the Ohio State Supreme Court.

Judge William H. Safford, whose home was at Tanglewood, now occupied by Walter Roche and family, was the Nestor of the Bar—a fine, courtly gentleman who did not discard the silk hat and long-tailed coat, when the other lawyers adopted the business suit of today.

Milton L. Clark was connected in practice with Robert McDougal, Cassius Foster and Paul Cook. Judge Clark was on the first Circuit Court bench. He too was always garbed in the

conventional black, the personification of dignity and a man of really great learning. Paul Cook, who, I think, is still alive, and residing in Cleveland, was afterwards Prosecuting Attorney of this County.

While on the subject of dress, I well remember that upon entering the Court room, there were, at the call of the docket, as many as thirty-five attorneys, and thirty-five silk tiles adorned the tables, while the wearers of the stove-pipe hats were garbed in long-tailed Prince Albert coats, many of them frayed and shiny.

Seymour Cunningham had just come from Washington Court House, and was a partner of Judge John M. and John I. VanMeter. The old Judge was a frequent visitor to Mr. Neal's office, they having at one time been partners. My preceptor always sent for him, when he had a difficult problem to thresh out, and the Judge knew that he was called upon to buffet the brains of Larry Neal. For hours they would good-naturedly quarrel over the application of some legal principle. The good Judge, although he has retired from the active practice of law, gives almost daily attention, either to his three thousand acre farm in Pike County, or to the Savings Bank, of which he is President.

Cassius Roberts was in the office of VanMeter and Cunningham, and was a veritable Senator

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Tillman—a short, heavy-set man, with a tremendous shock of straight black hair, a fiery orator who finally abandoned the law and took to the gospel, becoming a famous divine of the Episcopal Church, and residing in Philadelphia until his death, a few years ago.

Willis Wiggins, who afterwards was on the Common Pleas bench, had the office adjoining that of Mr. Neal. Across the hall was the wonderful genius of our time, Thomas W. Walsh. "Tammy," as he was familiarly known, was the most classic talker in the Forum. He never made a speech or argued a motion, without going back to the days of Rome and Greece. His poetical quotations were prolific, and, as a raconteur and story-teller, he had few equals anywhere.

Judge Bitzer was then the Probate Judge. Judge Ben F. Stone had just retired from the Probate Judge's office, and although not an attorney, did conveyancing and office work, and handled estates, to a considerable degree. Judge Stone, as you all remember, was the real head of the Republican party in Ross County, for thirty years, and although he kept in the background, he ruled with the power of an emperor, his adherents trusting him implicitly. Later in life, during the administrations of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, he was Consul General to Huddersfield, England.

Others were John W. Goldsberry, S. S. Cook, Silas F. Garrett, R. R. Freeman, Matthew Guenther, Hilam and Jacob Galbraith, Albert and Clifford Douglas, the last named afterwards a Common Pleas Judge, Frank P. Hinton, S. C. McLaughlin, James H. Moore, Henry Woodrow (uncle of President Wilson), Judge Jonathan L. Throckmorton and his cousin, John I. Throckmorton, D. M. Massie, and A. B. Cole, all in active practice.

Charles Fry, while he might be considered to be "a small fry," on account of his height, specialized as the particular friend of the old class of Germans, who had not mastered the English language, and often acted as interpreter in Court.

Alex Wenis (father of Edwin S. Wenis, Assistant Editor of the Scioto Gazette) and St. Burkley were not lawyers, yet both did an immense amount of conveyancing for the same nationality, and in fact, it was said that Alex Wenis was about as good as the average lawyer at the Bar.

Captain W. V. Lawrence, a student of everything, a poet, writer of soldier stories, a man whose principal practice was that of securing pensions for soldiers, was a very cultured gentleman and a pleasant companion.

William T. McClintock and Amos Smith, partners, who in my time had almost retired

from active practice, were general counsel for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and heavily interested in coal-mining concerns. In their day, I am told, they were famous pleaders.

Judge Samuel McCoy, first Probate Judge of Ross County, was an office man, along with Judge Thomas Walke, a courtly old gentleman, who, with McCoy, occupied offices on the same floor with the William E. Evans insurance agency.

Judge Cole, Mayor of the city for a number of terms, was a capable criminal attorney, as was William E. Gilmore, father of Tiffin Gilmore, better known to most of you. Colonel Gilmore too, belonged to the old school.

Judge William E. Evans, father of our Lyle, was on the Common Pleas bench, and his brother, Marcus Evans, now occupying a like seat in Columbus, was Prosecuting Attorney. Judge Evans was a just jurist, a quiet, thoughtful man, to his intimates a delightful companion. He loved outdoor life. Every spare moment from his affairs he spent walking through off-the-road fields, or searching the streams with pole and line.

James M. Thomas, afterwards Probate Judge, was famous for his connection with the telephone companies, having been the originator of the first concern in America that successfully fought the Bell monopoly. He was, to my mind, the

most progressive attorney at the Bar. He was the first to have a stenographer, the first to install the telephone in his office, and the first to secure the new line of Digests and Encyclopedias, all of which are the greatest conveniences of a lawyer's office.

I claim myself the doubtful honor of being the first to have a typewriting machine in my office, having purchased an old, second-hand Caligraph, which was about eighteen inches square, and the type was set on a single bar movement. Whenever I hit a period, it not only stuck through the paper, but held the roller.

Mayor E. K. Mick, who was the city chief executive for several terms, and many times a Justice of the Peace, was a splendid Court of first resort. Squire Mick was not an attorney, but like Wenis and Burkley, was consulted advantageously by the public.

The giants at the Bar, when I began to study, were Lawrence T. Neal, John C. Entrekin, Archibald Mayo and Albert Douglas.

Mr. Neal, while a wonderful jury and trial lawyer, mostly was engaged with Appellate and Supreme Court work, and was retained by many Southern Ohio corporations. In the Fall of the year in which I entered his office, he ran for Congress, but was defeated. Earlier in his life, he had served two terms in the national House

of Representatives, and the following year after I came to him, he attempted to secure the nomination for Governor, on the Democratic ticket, but was defeated by Governor Campbell. Later, in 1893, having been chosen as the standard bearer of his party, he opposed Governor McKinley, but met the same fate.

Mr. Neal was recognized as the leading Democratic politician of his County and one of the most influential men of his party, not only in Ohio, but in the nation as well. As a delegate to the National Convention, in 1892, he drew the tariff plank of its platform, and was offered the nomination for Vice Presidency, but his antipathy towards Grover Cleveland prevented him from being a running mate.

He was a very careful man in all his pleadings and papers. Often, after having given me instructions to write out contracts, deeds and mortgages, covering many sheets of Fool's Cap, in long hand, he would materially alter the same, because he did not like the swing of the sentences or the language, compelling me to laboriously rewrite it. Along with his political activity, I assure you I was often busy from eight o'clock in the morning until late in the night.

Archibald Mayo, who now lives in California, was a real orator, and a man of commanding appearance, somewhat like a finished tragedian.

He was always well groomed, and very affable and polite. Probably more law students studied under him than any other attorney in Ross County. He had a special liking for young men, and took pains to teach them points of practice. Mr. Mayo was not a money-maker, nor could he be said to have been a hard worker, but there were but few cases in which his genius and ability were not called upon to impress the jury. He was an omnivorous reader of good literature.

All of you know the unquestioned brilliancy of Albert Douglas, who now resides in Washington, D. C. In his case, I regret the self-imposed rule not to praise the living, for I would like to pay a tribute to this all-round man, of whom no one from Ross County need be ashamed.

Most of you remember the real Ajax of the Bar, John C. Entrekin, who for twenty-five years was on one or the other side of almost every case filed in Court—who was well dubbed "the Cow Boy lawyer of Ohio," in that he broke all rules and precedents, in his method of practice; of a very nervous temperament, quick to make up his mind, as rapid in giving an opinion, tenacious, apparently quarrelsome, blustering but brave—he got into every law case like a whirlwind, and in the Court room he had everybody busy.

He seemed to enjoy a tilt with the Court, and the opposing counsel was in an argument with

him, throughout the trial. He had the wonderful faculty of catching the true point of a case, and pounding on it until the jury understood his position. He often turned defeat into victory. He could change his policy as often as the evidence changed against him. While he acquired a reputation for being "slick," we lawyers always knew him to be a man of absolute truthfulness, when it came to a professional agreement. Entrekin's word was better than his bond. Many times, too, after he had won his point, and he felt that he had over-gained a victory, he would suggest a compromise, along equitable lines.

After staying two years with Mr. Neal, in his office, and not having attained my majority, I went to the University of Georgetown, at Washington, D. C., where I took a Common Law course, and graduated in the Summer of 1892. In the Fall of that year, I was admitted to the Bar.

The law students of my time were John P. Phillips, Sr., Wilby G. Hyde, Frank Redfern, Huston T. Robins, Luther B. Yaple, Timmons Harmount, Edward U. Weidler, Robert W. Manly, Elijah Cutright, Jr., Arthur Clark, W. Allen Scott, and C. N. and W. O. Lindley.

A little later were Louis M. Day, Peter Blosser, Charles Wood, E. A. Tinker, John D. McKell, Wallace D. Yaple, James A. Cahill, Charles

R. Doll, Claude B. Schaeffer, Harry Howard, John Conley, Lyle Evans, A. P. Minshall, Charles E. Capple, James I. and Walter Boulger and Delano Butler.

Still later were Miles Townsend, Wade Beyerly, Marshall Fenton, Garret Claypool, J. D. Withgott, N. P. Clyburn, W. M. McKenzie, C. B. Rais and John P. Phillips, Jr.

From the country towns in Ross County were the lawyers J. C. Burke, O. M. Houser, H. C. Claypool, J. L. Dickey and Robert Swinehart.

There are but four Chillicothe attorneys remaining in active practice who were at the bar when I became a law student.

Nearby counties had lawyers whose connections brought them frequently to our Court House—Judge Alfred Yaple, of Cincinnati, uncle of our lawyers bearing that name, Milt Morris and Judges Festus Walters and I. N. Abernathy of Circleville, R. A. Harrison and Joseph Olds, of Columbus, Mills Gardner of Washington C. H. and Ulric Sloane, of Hillsboro, later of Columbus. Sloane, considered one of the very ablest criminal and damage suit lawyers in America, was a human cyclone, Throughout the trials of such cases, he had the Court room filled with interested listeners.

The Hon. Job Stevenson now living at Alexandria, Kentucky, and who owns a big farm near Yellowbud, occasionally visited Chillicothe

on law business. He had practiced here in the Seventies, removed to Cincinnati, from where he went to Congress and was Consul to Rome. He too was and is of the old school.

It may be of interest to know that before my time, T. K. Wilson, of this city, studied law, but preferred farming as a vocation. Ed Wenis, Will Wallace, R. D. Alexander, my brother Nicholas A. Poland, Will Carson, and our fellow Rotarians, Walter J. Sears and Albert Scholl, all read law for a time, but found that their vocations were otherwise.

You will note in passing that I have said no word concerning the old-time lawyers still living and among us, beyond the mention of names, for the reason that it is best not to write a biography until a memorial is in order.

In those days, lawyers and especially doctors wore beards—presumably to indicate mature years. I contented myself with an eye-brow-like moustache, and once started a pair of sandy sideburns.

* * *

It may be of interest to know that litigation so-called, has fallen off fully fifty per cent since I began, and this is true throughout the entire country. It is not only apparent from my own personal observation, but law book drummers, who are the news-bearers of our business, ad-

vise me that this maintains in every section of the country. True it is, that our dockets have as many cases filed, but before and after days for assignment of trials and hearings, the differences are adjusted, and the cases compromised.

Since the great panic of 1893, we have hardly any foreclosures of mortgages, the most prolific source of a lawyer's income. Mortgages are made on real estate now-a-days, on from one-half to two-thirds the value of the property, and realty has so increased in value, that if default occurs and continues, it is usually sold at private sale, and the debt liquidated.

As to collections, these are handled entirely through banks and commercial agencies, for little credit is now given to business men who persist in being in arrears. The young lawyer, in earlier days, was always sought for by business men, and given a bunch of theretofore uncollectible accounts, and it was his province to heckle the poor creditor, until he could get something out of the bill.

Every pay day of the Baltimore and Ohio shops and railroad found numberless garnishee proceedings against wages, and it was no uncommon sight to find half a dozen attorneys surrounding the pay car, to release some trainman's tied-up wages.

If a circus came to town, it usually left bad

debts, with the result that the show property was attached, and this produced a raid, resulting in an immediate adjustment, because the combination could not hold men over, to fight the case.

Postmaster Wolfe will tell you that in Ed Kauffman's and Elly Robinson's management of the Opera House, as well as his own, the speaker, who was always the attorney for that theatre, frequently attached the box office receipts, for unpaid salaries, due a disgruntled Thespian.

The great increase in the volume of general business has so assisted attorneys, that despite the fact that litigating for litigation's sake is over, lawyers are now looked upon as commercial doctors, and merchants, manufacturers and contractors turn their affairs over to us, frequently at the outset of their activity, and regularly in the event of complications.

Lawyers are no longer the only men who go into politics, and hold legislative offices. This is to our advantage (and maybe yours). Up until the last few years, we alone were expected to fill such positions. As a result, many of us wasted our time, incurred lasting enmities, and neglected business opportunities.

In the olden days, the youthful barrister made his maiden speech in a political convention, extolling the virtues of a candidate for a

nomination. Upon all the delegations to city, county, district or state conventions, the lawyers were there—not wholly at their own bidding, but because they were expected to do the speechifying, and lead in the many senseless contests and factional quarrels.

We then had Spring and Fall elections every year. When the frost was on the pumpkin, the bill boards announced in heavy type:

"GRAND RALLY

At Mooresville School House

Wednesday, October 28th, 1889, 7 p. m.

HON. JOHN M. VanMETER
HON. THOMAS WALSH
HON. JOHN A. POLAND

Chillicothe's Brilliant Orators

Will Address the Masses on the Issues of the Day

Come Everybody. Let's Turn the Rascals Out!

By order of the Ross County Democratic Committee.
JOHN A. NIPGEN, Chairman"

Or mayhap, this flaming poster was on the corn cribs:

"Attention Voters!

There will be an outpouring of patriotic Americans in the Auditorium of South Salem College, on Monday, November 3rd, 1890, to hear the truths of this campaign, from the lips of Ross County's favorite sons.

Hon. W. E. Gilmore, the soldiers' friend,
William A. Wallace, The Young Eagle of Old Ross.

'Down with the Copperheads'

(Signed) MARCUS BOGGS,
Chairman of Republican Campaign Committee."

That monstrosity of political reform, the so-called direct primary, doing away with conventions, as it does, and in turn, the party gatherings, has almost killed oratory, which all historians say, is the greatest safe-guard of free institutions.

As founded, ours is a representative government, intended to be conducted by deliberative bodies, but in their stead, the lifeless lead pencil and a printed ballot have superseded the efficacy of town hall meetings.

In those days, a lawyer was essentially a professional man. He was ministerial in his manner, and clerical in garb. Think of him then, in white flannels or a red neck tie! People held their breath when he came, and not their pocketbooks, as some would have you believe.

He was none the less companionable than he now is, but with his enforced seclusion, to encompass his labors, he was in fact a lonely outcast, recluse, monastic, helpless, over-burdened, detail-crushed being—condemned by the public to do "thank-you" jobs, and to act as the general disturber.

Speaking of long hours, most of us were in our offices at night, first, because many business houses kept open after supper, until at least nine o'clock, and then we had to do our long-hand writing during this portion of the day, when we were least interrupted.

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If we were supposedly contentious, you made us so. In all things, the modern attorney is no longer contentious. Now-a-days he is an adjuster, a "Mr. Fixit," in and out of the Court room.

Go to his office and listen now to his advice. When I started, the litigant demanded fight, and we fought. It took a whole day to end a petty trial before a Justice of the Peace.

It seemed to be our duty to file dilatory motions and demurrers, and if unsuccessful, to continue litigation, using technicalities and legal barriers. The Court House bell rang every week-day morning (save in mid-summer), and the Court room was an auditorium in which daily many gathered to witness a forensic battle.

Professional jurymen hung about, to be called to fill a vacancy in the box. There were about twenty of these parasites, and we all knew their leanings. If John Doe was asked to sit on the jury, we knew he was a friend of lawyer Roe.

A fixture of the forum was Sol Kemery, the Court Crier and Bailiff. He had one stiff leg. He bossed everybody. When he was instructed to call an attorney or a witness, he opened the front window above the main door of the Court House, and in a voice that could easily be heard a block away, three times bawled out the name of the person desired.

Remember, we had no telephones in those

days, nor were there electric lights, or motor fans, not even wire screens. The trolley car was yet to come.

In our offices, we had no digests, law dictionaries, encyclopedias, subject-briefs, form-books, or any of the hurry-up sources of legal lore. The statutes, or affirmative laws of Ohio, were all in one volume, poorly indexed. They were a muddled-up collection of century-old laws, badly amended and difficult to construe. Many had been declared unconstitutional, but yet remained unrepealed. If the Legislature passed a new act, it was six months before we knew it, or got the printed copy of the same.

We had no Bar Library. Our private libraries were collections of English or out-of-state authorities and text-books. When we wanted to fit a set of facts to what we hoped the law to be, we laboriously had to go through our State Supreme Court Reports, and those of other States, and the approved authorities, and then, by analogy and logic, we constructed and presented our case.

None of us having all the reports and authorities, but combinedly a fair-sized and complete working unit, such as it was, we went about borrowing each other's books (often not returning them), and this made us visit one another. Many happy hours were thus spent, and friendships made. Now we speak via telephone, and

write to each other, although in the same building.

The Court was forever deciding law. As a result, the upper tribunals were over-burdened with appeals. No two county judges held alike, except where the Supreme Court had decided the identical point in question. The decisions of the lower Courts were not then reported.

At one time in my recollection, the Supreme Court was four years behind in its work. It required a special Supreme Court Commission, of five additional judges, two years to bring the docket down to date.

Justice Sharswood well said: "It is not to know the law, but to know where to find it." This rule is still the secret of the lawyer's life.

I am willing to admit that the young man who will study all his law in a law college, putting in his vacations in an office, for some practical viewpoints, has, with the modern tools of our profession, a better chance to succeed and make a larger competence, than those of the last generation.

Some of us maintain, and content ourselves with adhering to the statement that we, of twenty-five years ago, are more thoroughly grounded, knowing the inwardness of things better than the barristers who have tabloid information and wrapped-up packages of advice.

Don't get the idea that in our era, everything

was confusion confounded. We were abreast of the times, but the times were not the days of today.

Now the nimble fingers of a maid take your dictation; in no time it is typewritten, in duplicate, or more copies, if need be. She keeps orderly your desk, registers your calls, and, if properly trained, when you are absent, she holds your business, and gently prevaricates, when such is necessary.

Telephones are at either elbow; condensed books of information are on your shelves; you get the latest, from weekly law bulletins. Filing cases keep, in a get-at-able shape, your correspondence and papers. There is every convenience for rapidity and despatch of business, so that some of us can get off in the afternoons, to play nine holes of golf, or take in a base ball game.

I have told you about the "then and now" of the lawyer. Another thought is the lawyer of the future. No, not the future of the lawyer —although he *is* destined to be at the Celestial Bar.

The coming attorney—and he is evolving—will be a specialist, a member of a firm. The partnership will constitute a legal department store. It will be a composite of several-sided men, who will be able to grasp and do things expeditiously, as experts.

In this town, five firms, of three men each, could handle all the business of the community, where now a score of individuals attempt to equal the demand. But that is another subject.

The good old days are gone for good. The Judge Saffords are a memory. In their stead, you find common folks, men like yourselves, no different, no better. Their calling is an honorable vocation, just as yours. No longer are they supposed to deal in necromancy or legerdemain. They are business physicians, not necessarily surgeons. They must, at times, wash dirty linen, but they try to iron out the mess.

Oh, well! Let's stop. However, wouldn't it be fine, if someone, sometime, would say, "God Bless the Lawyers"?

SCHOLL PRINTING CO. CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.